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THE
POWERS OF FANCY.

A

POEM.

By WILLIAM GILL WHEATCROFT.

—Mortale genus tua numina sentit
Quisquis es ille, Deus certè, qui pectora vatum
Incolis, afflatusque rapis super æthera mentes.

Hieron. Vidæ Poet. Lib. 1.

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'73...3920

TO THE
D U C H E S S of L E E D S.

Madam,

I beg leave most respectfully to dedicate this little poem to your Grace as the first offering of the muses on your accession to a title, which is not only of the highest dignity in itself, but recently illustrated by the radiant virtues which the noble House of Osborne has so properly added to the hereditary merits of that worthy family.

That you, Madam, may long live to enjoy the smiles of your beneficent Lord, and he, like him, the patron of the polite arts, is the sincere wish of

Madam,

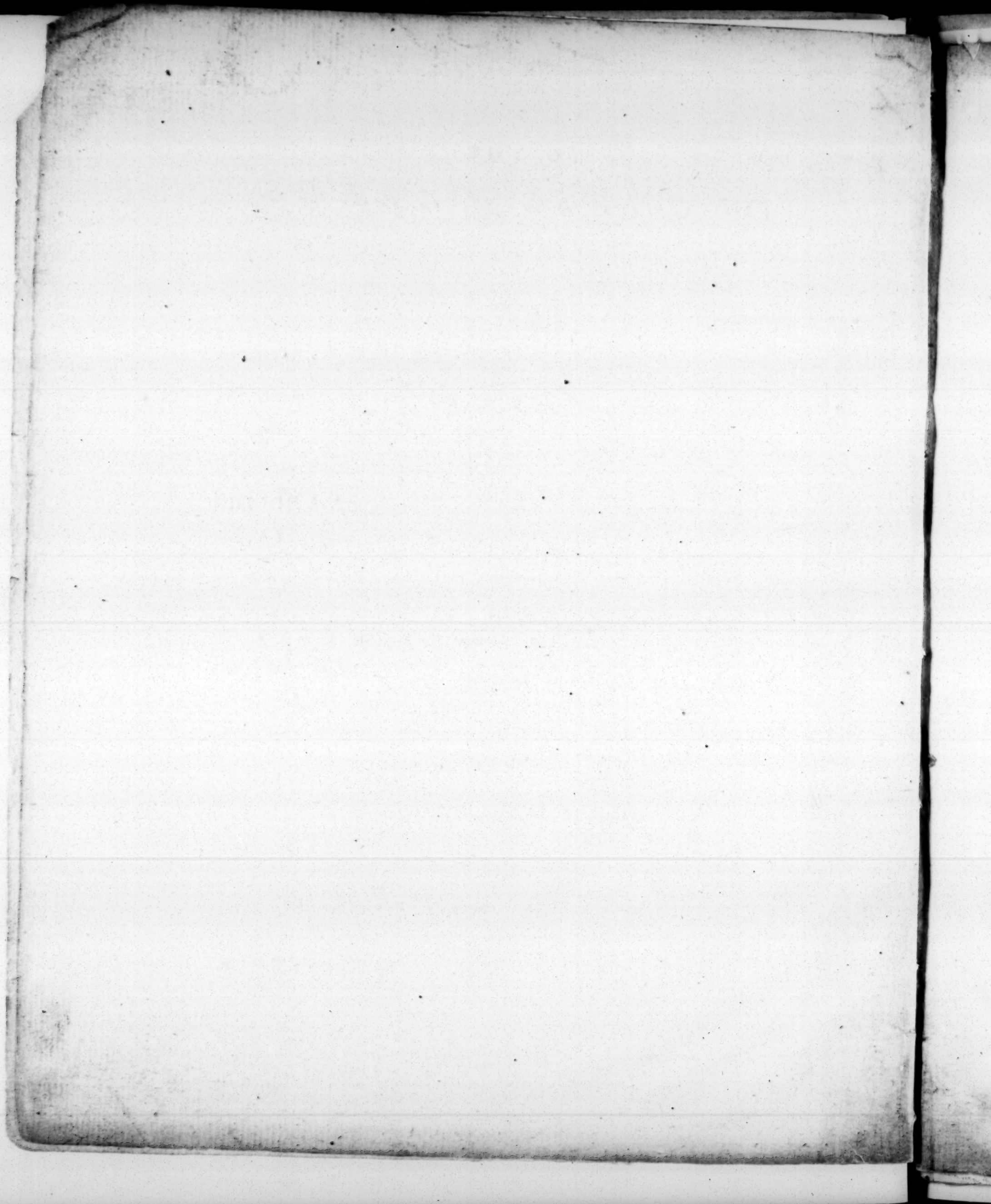
your Grace's obedient,

most devoted,

and very humble servant,

Hampstead.

W. G. WHEATCROFT.



P R E F A C E,

TH E author begs the generous public to consider this as his *virgin* work, and to make such allowances as may tend to encourage his humble genius with respect to any future publications of a like nature which he may venture to usher into the republic of *Belles Lettres*.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REPUBLIC OF THE UNITED STATES

OF AMERICA

FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENTS

TO THE PRESENT TIME

BY

JOHN ADAMS

OF THE MASSACHUSETTS

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME I

THE FIRST SETTLEMENTS

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VOLUME I

THE
POWERS OF FANCY.

LET others, struck with riches pow'ful charms,
Still pine with care, or 'midst the din of arms,
Pursue their idol in the field of death,
And grasp the phantom at their latest breath;
For fading honors quit their peace of mind,
And vainly seek for what they never find;
Enlist themselves in mad ambition's train,
And servile cringe for sake of sordid gain;
To buy a title or a star procure,
The stinging pangs of conscious guilt endure;
To different views by Heav'n may I inclin'd,
Still cultivate the pleasures of the mind:



May wild enthusiasm grant her pow'rful aid,
 And may I favor'd by each tuneful maid,
 Where genius points attempt th' arduous way,
 Or soaring mount, or humbler scenes display.
 His fate is hard who fickle Fortune's sport,
 Relies alone on genius for support;
 Who courts the muses treads a fruitless road,
 And fortune seldom haunts his poor abode;
 The poets labors are too much despis'd,
 And baser arts are by the wealthy priz'd;
 Who means to rise to books must bid adieu,
 And other ends and different means pursue;
 Must learn to flatter and in virtue's spite,
 His conscience silence and with vice unite;
 Yet still the paths of science I'll pursue,
 And strive the favor of the nine to woo;
 In all my sorrows for I've sorrows known,
 In gloomy hours when Hope was almost gone,
 Fair Science cheer'd me, and allay'd my care,
 And bade me cease to harbour black Despair:

To brighter prospects turn'd my wand'ring eyes,
And pointed still to worlds above the skies.

O! did my genius equal my desire,
And could I strike with harmony the lyre!
O! AKENSIDE, could I like thee express,
Each glowing thought in true poetic dress!
Or could I, THOMPSON, nature paint like thee,
In stile sublime, yet flowing soft and free:
I then might hope to gain deserved praise,
And wear with honor the poetic bays.
From these an awful distance I must keep,
And wond'ring gaze as I attempt the steep,
Where on the summit they conspicuous shine,
Distinguish'd fav'rites of the tuneful nine.
These had their Patrons, I, alas! have none,
Forlorn, unfriended, to the world unknown:
By fate condemn'd in a dull round to drudge,
As learning bids me: my own partial judge.

'Tho' small acquaintance with the rich I boast,
And hold for life no sinecure or post:

Tho' fortune ne'er her tinsel gifts bestows,
 Yet still my breast with social virtue glows:
 I can the wretch however rich despise,
 Who hears unmov'd the needy orphans cries;
 With indignation see a garter'd lord,
 Whose glaring crimes deserve a hempen cord,
 Exalted loll in all the pomp of state,
 Regardless of his ruin'd country's fate,
 Whose iron cheeks with tears ne'er overflow,
 And flinty heart ne'er feels a wretches woe:
 Who as he rolls along on glowing wheels,
 For the poor shiv'ring beggar never feels;
 Without emotion sees the starving blind,
 And unassisted leaves the lame behind.

Ah! what are riches can they e'er bestow,
 Those lasting joys that from pure virtue flow?
 Can they give ease e'er to the wounded breast,
 Or gently sooth the tortur'd mind to rest?
 When ghastly spectres to the wretch appears,
 The idle phantoms of his guilty fears,

Can wealth or honors from him then dispel,
 His dismal horror and his dread of hell?
 When stretch'd upon his bed of down he lies,
 To woo soft sleep he tossing vainly tries;
 His mind is harrow'd by a thousand ills,
 While a cold sweat a-down his brows distils;
 His staring eyes to Heav'n he dares not turn;
 Infernal fires within his bosom burn;
 In this sad hour his domes no joy afford,
 Nor all the plate that shines upon his board:
 His crimes oppress him with a grievous load;
 In vain he seeks for pleasure when abroad;
 In vain for him sweet Music strikes the string;
 The Indies too in vain their spices bring;
 In vain bright colors on the canvas glow,
 While gilded frames around their lustre throw:
 The tort'ring Furies hover 'round his head,
 And still a train of Demons with them lead;
 The gloomy prospect that before him lies,
 In spite of Pleasure haunts his sickn'd eyes,

Till frantic grown a prey to dread Despair,
By suicide he ends a life of care.

O! dreadful thought! to quit the joys of light,
And launch abruptly into endless night!
To other crimes to add the worst of all,
While Demons triumph in his wretched fall!
Bless'd is the man who still the care of Heav'n,
To worthless deeds by vice was never driv'n!
Who by Ambition ne'er to rapine led,
In eastern climes wild desolation spread!
Who from a thirst of cursed shining gold,
His conscience and his country never sold!
Whose steady soul no adverse storms can move,
Fix'd on the joys that wait the good above!
He never trembles when the light'ning flies,
And rolling thunder rends the blazing skies;
He never pines with gloomy discontent,
But thankfully enjoys what Heav'n hath sent:
Can calmly meet th' appointed hour of death,
And undismay'd resign his latest breath.

Unthinking mortals ! deaf to virtue's call,
 Who often warns us by another's fall,
 To rein our passions and desires confine,
 As she has clearly mark'd the bounding line !
 Reflect in time and shun the dreadful fate,
 Of those who see their error when too late :
 Prefer contentment in a humble cot,
 With competence if competence you've got,
 Nay poverty and ev'ry ill it brings,
 To all the pomp and wealth of scepter'd kings,
 Acquir'd by rapine and those monstrous crimes,
 That mark the reigns of some in former times.

But FANCY, lead me from these hackney'd themes,
 And let me here indulge poetic dreams :
 Come FANCY, come, unknown to vulgar song,
 To whom the powers of magic art belong ;
 At whose command the brightest scenes arise,
 And views romantic crowd before the eyes ;
 Who sometimes lead'ft me to the bloody plain,
 And sometimes shew'ft the horrors of the main ;

Who often lov'd to stroll along the shore,
 And musing hear the foaming billows roar;
 Again amidst the rustling trees to stray,
 Where gentle breezes softly whisp'ring play;
 Or sit below the hanging mossy rock,
 Where groves ne'er echo with the woodman's stroke;
 Or when calm eve her gentle dew distils,
 To wander o'er the easy rising hills,
 And chace the sun whose beams yet faintly seen,
 Shew length'ned shadows on the verdant green:
 Come heav'nly Maid in all thy splendor dress'd,
 With spangl'd zone and azure flowing vest,
 Whose auburn tresses floating in the wind,
 Display the whiteness of thy neck behind:
 While vernal flowers by way of garland worn,
 The blooming beauties of thy front adorn:
 O! hither come and with thy magic wand,
 Display the wonders of thy powerful hand:
 O! come, and let me rove from scene to scene,
 And by thy aid romantic prospects feign;

(II)

Help me to paint the pleasing views I love,
Meads, rocks and groves, the rolling orbs above ;
Enraptur'd let me scenes of nature view,
Green waving woods, the sky serenely blue,
Rude rugged mountains that tremendous rise,
Whose cloud-capt tops are hid above the skies ;
Cascades that dash a-down the rocky steep,
Midst hanging pines that always verdure keep ;
Black awful rocks that nodding seem to stand,
And threaten ruin to the neighb'ring land,
Around whose tops with ever watchful eye,
In quest of lambkins soaring eagles fly.
To softer scenes, O let me too descend,
Where winding streams through velvet meadows bend,
Whose shining surface is alternate seen,
And forms a contrast to the grassy green.

With thee, O ! FANCY, oft at morn I stray
To view the Sun, the parent of the day,
When just emerging from his wat'ry bed,
And when the sky is flush'd with purest red.

O'er Ocean's surface then he spreads his beams,
 That dancing play upon the trembling streams;
 His broad full orb with genial power replete,
 O'er half the globe diffuses light and heat;
 On his approach the nightly vapors fly,
 And vanish as he mounts the radiant sky;
 With lively joy his presence nature fills,
 And glowing brightness gilds the distant hills,
 Whose pointed summits catch his earliest ray,
 When in the East he first proclaims the day.
 Then industry from balmy sleep awakes,
 And for hard toil the homely couch forsakes;
 From lowly hamlets curling smoke ascends,
 In bluish clouds or in a column bends;
 Then shepherds drive their bleating flocks to feed,
 And leave their traces in the dewy mead,
 Where chrystal drops untouch'd by sals bright power,
 Like diamonds sparkle on each blooming flower.
 The early lark on steady pinions born,
 With sweetest notes salutes the balmy morn,

And sweetly carrols soaring in the air,
 Whilst lab'ring rustics to their work repair;
 The feather'd tenants of each leafy grove,
 Awake their strains inspired by softest love,
 And all the fields around are smiling seen,
 With various tints and diff'rent shades of green.
 Whene'er the height of heav'n's bright arch he gains,
 And for the shade the cattle quit the plains,
 Or seek the lake their fervid sides to cool,
 And stand with pleasure in the shining pool,
 Then bear me, FANCY, to the mid day seat,
 Where hanging woods afford a cool retreat,
 Where a clear riv'let from a chrystal source,
 With many a bending winds its mazy course;
 In hoarse cascades o'er rocks its torrent pours,
 And with its foam bedews the neighb'ring flowers;
 Or murm'ring tumbles o'er its peebly bed,
 While quiv'ring branches rustle o'er my head;
 Where creeping woodbine mantles shelving rocks,
 And broad leav'd hazels shelter fleecy flocks;

Where purple v'lets and primroses grow,
 And fragrant herbs around their odor throw;
 Where trees reflected wave below the stream,
 And with their spreading tops inverted seem;
 Whilst in the flood appears another sky,
 Half hid by leaves and shrinking from the eye:
 There seated 'midst the dark and shady grove,
 Fit place to tell soft tender tales of love,
 O! let me on the page historic pore
 And mem'ry refresh with ancient lore!
 Recall past scenes and distant ages view;
 From small beginnings see how kingdoms grew;
 By virtuous deeds how they acquir'd domain,
 And spread their terror to the distant plain;
 How by observance of their country's laws,
 Good citizens acquir'd a just applause;
 How skilful gen'als pow'rful armies led,
 And for their country in fierce battle bled;
 A moral draw from each event I read,
 And profit by conversing with the dead.

When silver Luna with her borrow'd light,
 Assumes in state the empire of the night ;
 When high enthron'd in majesty she rides,
 And thro' the arched vault of heav'n glides,
 In fleecy clouds she sometimes veils her head,
 And then the earth with darkness is o'erspread ;
 The dusky prospect fades amidst the gloom,
 And shady groves a darker tint assume ;
 But on a sudden, lo ! she shews her face,
 And shines resplendent with her usual grace !
 A glorious brightness spreading thro' the sky,
 Dispels the darkness and delights the eye ;
 Sublime ideas fill the wond'ring mind,
 From grosser thoughts by this grand scene refin'd.
 When no dark clouds th' encircling sky obscure,
 And all around seems calm, serene and pure ;
 When heav'n's bright lamps bestud th' aerial light,
 And grace the splendid canopy of night,
 A thousand orbs display the pow'rful hand,
 Who bade all nature rise at his command ;

Who hangs on nothing this terrestrial ball,
 And reins the winds obedient to his call;
 Who rules the various seasons of the year,
 Sends wintry snow and summer's sun to cheer;
 At whose desire the awful thunder rolls,
 That bursting loudly shakes the fright'ned poles;
 Whose hand unerring guides the lightnings power,
 And saves the wretch in that tremendous hour,
 When trees are shiver'd and the flinty rocks,
 To powder crumbled by concussive shocks:
 Whose boundless goodness over all extends,
 Upholds, protects, feeds, clothes and still defends;
 Then FANCY wafted upon heav'nly wings,
 Thou leav'st all other sublunary things:
 'Tis then thou lov'st above the clouds to soar,
 And all the laws of NATURE's book explore:
 From pole to pole to range with curious eye,
 See frozen piles in rugged order lie,
 Where genial heat ne'er thaws the barren ground,
 And the hard soil in icy chains is bound.

With thee the product of the earth I scan,
 The different tribes and shades of savage man,
 Decreasing still towards each desert pole,
 And in one system oft review the whole.

When mirthful scenes no pleasure can impart,
 But add affliction to the wounded heart;
 When Melancholy rules the pensive mind,
 And makes the soul to gloomy thoughts inclin'd,
 Or seek the lonesome or the dreary wild,
 As often happens to misfortune's child;
 When Phœbus sinks below the western skies,
 And sickly mists from marshy fens arise,
 While the loud voice of labor dies away,
 And Philomela tunes her evening lay,
 Then lead me, FANCY, o'er the dusky mead,
 Where yonder church uprears its distant head,
 Whose gothic doors and solemn windows fill,
 The mind with awe and reverence instil;
 In thoughtful mood there let me silent stray,
 And thro' the church-yard take my musing way,

Where dismal yews in solemn sadness stand,
 First planted by some aged rustics hand,
 Who now forgotten sleeps below the shade,
 That by the thickness of their tops is made;
 'Midst swelling graves where many a mortal's laid,
 Has the much dreaded debt to nature paid,
 With contemplation let me slowly range,
 And meditate upon the awful change,
 That waits the peasant and the pamper'd peer,
 And still approaches each revolving year.

Oft by thy aid I see the storm arise,
 And billows roll of most tremendous size.
 The howling winds o'er ocean's surface sweep,
 And harrow up the bosom of the deep;
 Huge foaming breakers after breakers roar,
 And angry surges lash the trembling shore;
 A canopy of awful hanging clouds,
 The face of day from mortal vision shrouds;
 The sun's bright rays amidst its gloom are lost,
 And the tall vessel by the tempest tofs'd,

Thro' heavy seas the sport of waves is driv'n,
 And rises sometimes pointing towards heav'n,
 Again descends with swiftnefs from the skies,
 And hid within a wat'ry hollow lies,
 Anon emerges from the foaming tide,
 Whilst wat'ry mountains break against her side :
 She sometimes reeling leans upon the wave,
 About to sink into a briny grave,
 Then rears upright, and the broad billow cleaves,
 And a white track behind her stern she leaves :
 The sea its fury on her planks expends,
 And dash'd aloft upon the deck descends ;
 The tempest sings around her quiv'ring mast,
 Portending ruin with its bellowing blast,
 And all the horrors of the deep are seen,
 High swelling waves and yawning gulphs between.
 But come, O ! FANCY ! change this awful scene,
 And let me view the sea and sky serene.
 At thy command the thundering storms subfides ;
 The steerfman now with care the vessel guides,

That wafted onward by the gentle gale,
 Invites its power with ev'ry flowing sail;
 The sea is calm as far as eye can reach,
 And echoes hollow 'gainst the winding beach;
 The long tofs'd vessel with her beaten sides,
 Before the breeze with steady motion glides;
 The swelling sheets quick bear her thro' the deep,
 Whilst curling waves with gentlest murmurs sweep,
 Her bending bow : she fades upon the sight,
 On moving onwards still appears less bright,
 Till farther distant nothing can be seen
 But pointed masts and silver sky between.
 Now screeking sea fowl seek the shelly shore,
 No longer fright'ned by the tempest's roar,
 Their fishy prey pick from the slimy sand,
 And feeding stalk along the plashy strand :
 Or circling round the rugged awful steep,
 That hangs its head above the azure deep,
 With mazy flight skim thro' the bright'ned skies,
 While hollow rocks repeat their different cries.

Ah! roving still, where dost thou FANCY lead,
 Where Britain's sons in quest of glory bleed?
 With silent awe the battle I survey,
 See hostile bands drawn up in firm array;
 Above their heads thick clouds of smoke arise,
 That darken sometimes and obscure the skies;
 The thund'ring cannons rend the ambient air,
 Whilst flaming Furies shake their snaky hair,
 Their torches brandish and with rage incite,
 The slaught'ring foe to lengthen out the fight.
 Now horrid din assails the troubled ears,
 And tim'rous breasts beat high with dismal fears;
 The trumpets clangor with loud shouts combin'd,
 Endeavour still to rouse the fainting mind;
 The prancing steed, proud of his warlike dress,
 Advances where battalions thickest press;
 The ranks soon broken in confusion fly,
 And heaps of slain quite pale and ghastly lie,
 Some wounded fore are stretch'd upon the plain,
 Or writhe 'midst gore in agonizing pain.

From this sad scene, O Goddess! let me turn,
 O'er death and carnage I must ever mourn!
 New scenes romantic catch my wand'ring eyes,
 And antient walls by magic art arise:
 Proud battlements high plac'd are seen from far,
 That oft have stood the fierce assault of war,
 When desprate Faction desolation spread,
 And ruin brought on many a guiltless head:
 When Civil Feuds this troubl'd island tore,
 And Discord pale her bloody flag high bore;
 When mad Rebellion spurn'd at regal sway,
 And thro' the land around diffus'd dismay,
 There the besieg'd have oft the fury quell'd,
 Of hostile bands and their attacks repell'd;
 From yonder op'ning in the wall decay'd,
 The thund'ring cannons have with fury play'd;
 The whizzing balls have swept the neighb'ring plain,
 And strew'd the fields with heaps of kind'red slain.

O! happy Britain, freed from wars alarms,
 And all the ills that follow'd civil arms,

When petty tyrants by ambition fir'd,
 Against their sovereign and the laws conspir'd!
 When feudal vassals hurried to the field,
 Array'd in armour with a sword and shield,
 Like slaves obedient to their chieftains nod,
 And bow'd beneath their lords oppressive rod!
 With weeds o'ergrown the fields neglected stood,
 And children pin'd for want of daily food;
 Then widow'd spouses for their husbands mourn'd,
 Who never from the field of death return'd;
 Black desolation wide her influence spread,
 And wretched rustics from their mansions fled,
 Whilst baleful ruin with a dismal train,
 Expell'd all pleasure from the rural plain.

Now farther on, O! FANCY, by thy hand,
 Uprear'd I see an antique turret stand,
 Upon a rising 'midst an aged wood,
 That oft hath furious stormy blasts withstood;
 Whose mould'ring top o'ergrown with hoary weeds,
 Slow crumbling base where nettles shed their seeds,

And moss-grown stones bespeak its length of years,
 While many a fissure and a rent appears,
 Thro' which the winds a passage now have found,
 And whistle hollow with a doleful sound :
 The moping owl here finds a calm retreat,
 And unmolested reigns in solemn state ;
 The sluggish bat too takes her ev'ning flight,
 And drinks the chrystal dew distill'd by night,
 In cavern sleeps till vesper calmness brings,
 Then flutters forth upborn on leather wings.

What changes wrought, alas ! by ruthless Time,
 Display his power in ev'ry age and clime !
 Where palaces with wonder struck the eye,
 Now mould'ring heaps and broken ruins lie ;
 Where lofty halls re-echo'd music's sound,
 Now hissing snakes and bloated toads are found ;
 Exalted turrets that outbrav'd the wind,
 To black oblivion's dismal shade consign'd,
 Neglected crumble, whilst each tott'ring wall,
 Destruction threatens with its thund'ring fall.

Where stately fabricks by rich princes rear'd,
 And noble cities on broad plains appear'd,
 Rude fragments scatter'd now are only seen,
 That tell what once in former days they've been :
 Wild dreary wastes to social life unknown,
 Remain where once proud regal mansions shone :
 Where cultur'd fields of rich luxuriant soil,
 Repaid the peasant's annual care and toil,
 With all the gifts that golden Ceres brings,
 The nettle, briar, and the bramble springs.

Nor yet, O FANCY, art thou e'er confin'd,
 To scenes domestic, for my roving mind,
 By thee assisted can its thoughts expand,
 And travel o'er wild Afric's burning sand,
 Where the parch'd soil no friendly shade e'er knows,
 And scorching wind with ardent fury blows :
 Where 'midst the tempest oft the traveller dies,
 And bur'd under sandy mountains lies ;
 Where twisted snakes of horrid forms are found,
 Whose pois'nous fangs inflict a deadly wound,

While spotted panthers and fierce lions prowl,
 And hungry traverse with tremendous howl,
 The lonely desert in pursuit of prey,
 When midnight calls them from their dens away.

To Greece once fam'd for ev'ry shining art,
 That mankind softens and improves the heart,
 Where ruin'd piles now mould'ring into dust,
 And many a marble mutilated bust,
 And broken columns scatter'd on the plain,
 Some marks of antient splendor still retain,
 By thee attended oft my thoughts I turn,
 And see the Muses o'er her ruins mourn ;
 Lament the wreck of all devouring Time,
 Whose power has chang'd this once renowned clime,
 Where genius blaz'd with purest ray divine,
 And with success dug the poetic mine ;
 Where History cherish'd with the tend'rest care,
 To noble actions lasting record bare,
 To distant times diffus'd each Hero's name,
 And makes them live still in the voice of Fame.

How chang'd the scene ! her antient splendor gone,
 That once with lustre most conspicuous shone,
 Her marble temples now appear no more ;
 Proud ships no longer glide beside her shore ;
 No longer commerce throngs each busy port ;
 No more her shepherds pass their hours in sport ;
 No longer Pleasure haunts the flow'ry plains,
 Or cheers the Nymphs and animates the Swains :
 Fell Despotism with her iron hand,
 Spreads desolation o'er the groaning land ;
 The peasants feel each sad oppressive stroke,
 And bow beneath a haughty Tyrant's yoke.

O'er Rome, alas ! now superstition's seat,
 Where wretches kneel and kiss th' impostor's feet,
 Where patriot virtue now no longer warms,
 Nor fires the youth with love of conq'ring arms ;
 Where Liberty's bright train no more appears,
 Nor Freedom's voice th' industrious peasant cheers ;
 Where now no Tully speaks in Virtue's cause,
 Or shines protector of his country's laws,

I often sigh and see her columns rise,
 With majesty, and pointing at the skies,
 Adorn'd with sculptures by some artist's hand,
 That still our wonder and applause command :
 Where yellow Tyber rolls his glassy waves,
 And fertile banks with gentle current laves ;
 Where antient poets sung in sweetest strains,
 The rural beauties of their native plains :
 Horace attun'd his silver sounding lyre,
 Replete with softness and celestial fire,
 And Maro too in noblest accents sung,
 While music flow'd unceasing from his tongue,
 Of deeds heroic, or of softer tales,
 When shepherds tend their flocks in shady vales.

The utmost bounds of air, of earth, and sea,
 Are pervious, O ! FANCY, still to thee.
 By thee convey'd, I oft with pleasure rove,
 Thro' many a spicy incense-breathing grove,
 Where Indian blossoms spread their sweets around,
 And trees with verdure all the year are crown'd ;

Where melting fruits of various colors glow,
 And with soft juice for thirsty trav'lers flow;
 Where oranges in golden clusters nod,
 And tender branches bow beneath their load;
 Where the low pine, delicious king of fruits,
 Uncultivated freely upwards shoots,
 Replete with nectar of the sweetest taste,
 And often graces the rich Indian's feast;
 Where lofty forests form a cooling shade,
 And shelter closely by their friendly aid,
 Wild animals of many a hideous shape,
 The tyger, lion, and mimic ape;
 Whilst various birds upon the branches throng,
 Of vivid colors but devoid of song.

Sometimes I see the Andes prop the skies,
 And piles on piles in awful figures rise.
 Dark gloomy forests ne'er by man explor'd,
 Adorn their sides with cliffs romantic stor'd;
 Their barren brows round which bleak tempests blow,
 And clad in sheets of everlasting snow,

While burning gulphs with subterranean roar,
 Loud echo'd even to the distant shore,
 Belch out bright flames that blazing shine afar,
 The horrid sign of elemental war:
 The snow turn'd liquid by their fervent force,
 Adown the mountain bends its rapid course;
 Huge pond'rous trees with crushing ruin torn,
 Are wheel'd around and in the torrent born;
 The snow still melting joins the roaring flood,
 That whirling blackens with the rising mud;
 With strength redoubl'd then it downwards scours,
 And all obstruction by its might o'er powers;
 With dreadful fury rustles o'er the ground,
 While different echoes still augment its sound,
 And with sad ruin to the plain it tends,
 Where spreading wide its desolation ends.
 The Indian's hut where free from care he sleeps,
 Down with its current sometimes too it sweeps;
 His goats and hogs 'midst roots and thatch are hurl'd,
 Or round in eddies with confusion whirld,
 In mud half burri'd on the plain they lie,
 And hungry crows around their bodies fly.

Yet still, O! FANCY, wherefoe'r I roam,
 With joy I turn unto my native home!
 Where parent Nature with a lib'ral hand,
 Hath scatter'd beauties o'er the smiling land,
 Where Trade and Commerce both have fixt their seat,
 And Industry is seen in ev'ry street;
 Where all the arts of which old Greece could boast,
 And now are banish'd from her wretched coast,
 By Britain's genius foster'd, kindly thrive,
 And by protection still are kept alive.

O! Happy Britain, did thy sons enjoy,
 Aright their blessings and their hours employ,
 In such pursuits as virtue recommends,
 And use their riches for their proper ends;
 But Luxury the bane of ev'ry race,
 And sensual Pleasure with her treach'rous face,
 Deceives the thoughtless and the giddy leads
 To blackest ruin and destructive deeds.

F I N I S.